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"What fools these Mortals be!"

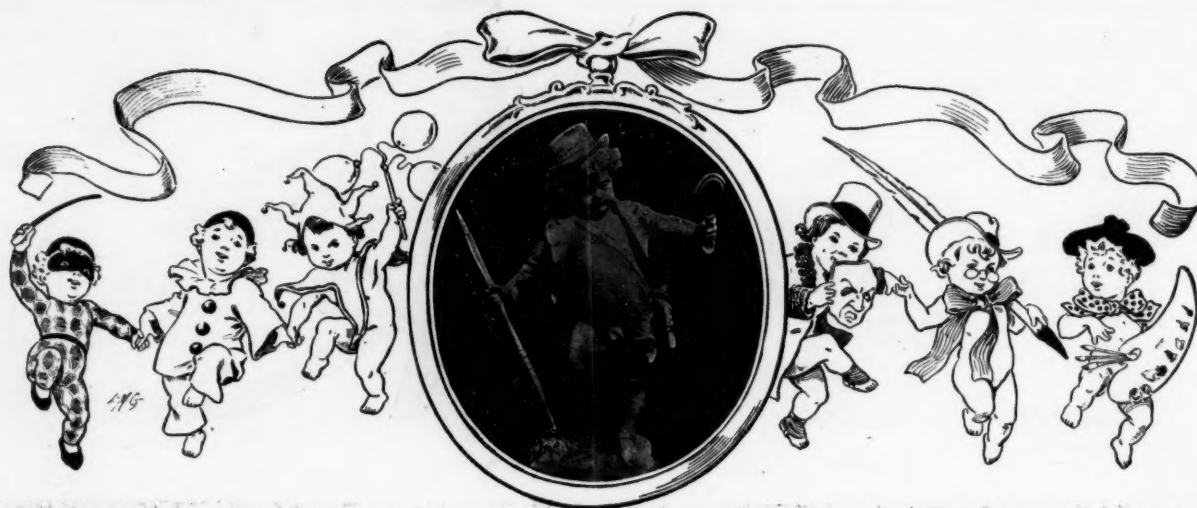
Puck

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"CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT!"



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

WHEN THE *New York World* has settled to its own satisfaction (1) the Harriman-Roosevelt campaign fund scandal, (2) the petition about Kelsey, (3) the petition about Jerome, and (4) the crusade against sending our battleships to the Pacific—4-four-4 great journalistic enterprises, all going at once—we wish it would revive its magnificent plans for a Nassau Street arcade.

"KEEP YOUR eye on Congress," advises Joe Cannon. It is wise to keep an eye on individual members of Congress, for the purpose of spotting the crooks and grafters, but to keep your eye on the bunch as a whole is a waste of good vision material.

"FINDING the Tyrannosaurus," an article in the *Independent*, is not, as we first fancied, the experiences of a subpoena server in pursuing Mr. Rockefeller.

"ROBERT W. CHAMBERS assails Society in 'The Younger Set.'" —*Book Review*.

Gosh! But they all do it—after they have bought their Italian villas or their New England estates, or their town houses on Riverside Drive.

THE DISCOVERY by a Boston doc that spleens are edible will interest people who are fond of eating "works."

THE NET result of Mr. Ivins' probing in the local traction filth will probably be the same as Mr. Hughes' delving in the Insurance reek: nothing. Nothing, at least, that leads to the cell and the lock-step. In the American Siberia (Paris) the Insurance colony expect no Inter-Met guests.

IF IT be true, as reported, that Secretary Loeb "slighted" the American Rifle Team which won the Palma trophy, no rebuke which the Great Father may see fit to hand him can be too severe. Had he slighted a delegation of railroad presidents, and made *them* ride in hacks to the station instead of in the imperial auto, there would be no complaint, no scandal. Or if he slighted a group of "rich malefactors," or a bunch of High Financiers disguised as "small investors"; or a phalanx of nature fakers; but a rifle team, a *champion* rifle team, a rifle team with *rifles*!—Great Daniel Boon!! What

mere rebuke is sufficient punishment for so atrocious a blunder?

THE PUBLIC often think a prize fighter has not a very strong grade of intellectual force.

—"Kid" Wedge.

The public is right, for once.

MR. TAFT's views on the tariff are in inverse ratio to his own bulk. We like Mr. Taft, but we can have only contempt for his tariff shufflings and evasions.

IN ITS issue for Sept. 4 PUCK published some verses titled "The Woes of Willie," sent to us by a person signing himself P. H. Leonard; address, Schenectady Gazette. The verses were originally written by Carolyn Wells, and appear in one of her volumes of collected rhymes. The check intended for "P. H. Leonard" will be sent instead to Miss Wells. While it is true that a writer's name counts for little in selling a manuscript, the operations of the light-fingered literary gentry tend to make editors wary of the unknown contributor.



IT LOOKS BAD FOR THE HAY.

A BOOMERANG FROM THE FUTURE.



I.
MADAME ZIMZIM, THE FORTUNE TELLER.—The day is coming when you will be famous, when—



II.
THE STRUGGLING POET.—Stop right there and let me sell you this copy of my poems! It's a first edition!

AN ENTERPRISING SCRIBE.

"WELL, 'ho, here!" surprisedly ejaculated the patent-churn man in the midst of his perusal of the village newspaper. "I must be pretty far behind the times! The *Weekly Clarion*, here, is demanding, in thunder tones, in a 'double-leaded' editorial, that the city authorities take immediate steps to close the opium joints and stamp out 'the bacchanalian revels that are dragging some of our brightest social lights down to destruction!' Why, — gee-whizz! — I didn't know there was a whiff of opium within miles of here, or any revels more devilish going on than pitching quoits or pigging down canned-oysters!"

"There hain't!" replied the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark. "In fact, there don't sorter commence to begin to be, and never was. That's merely the editor's way of puttin' on metropolitan airs and trying to fool the outside world into believing that there is really something doing in Polkville. He is enterprising, that feller is, even if he does 'pear at times to have a heap more zeal than sense."

HE KNEW.

TEACHER OF ELEMENTARY PHYSIOLOGY.—Willie, what fastens my head to my body?

WILLIE.—Rubber!



GOING SOME.

BABYLONIAN BUSINESS MAN.—She's the speediest little stenographer I ever had. Would you believe it—she can take dictation at the rate of two words a minute.

THEIR EXODUS.

"EH-YAH! We're movin' away," explained a certain prominent citizen of the Arkansas neighborhood of Gobbler Scratch, who had been met in the highroad with his tribe and portables piled in his wagon. "Leavin' yur while we're still alive and tollable healthy. You know, they built the railroad through my place—runs about a hundred yards from the house. That's bad enough, but as long as they was a-workin' on it we was so interested, sorter, that we didn't hardly realize how dangerous it was. Got used, in a way, to the destruction-train, as they call it, so's we didn't mind it crawlin' and puffin' around—skeered the dogs half to death and drove the children under the house, and such as that, but we stood it middlin' well."

"But this mornin', yur come the first passenger train, and—Great King!—it come a-howlin'! Went through, a-tearin' and a-fryin'—but it *went through*! I says to the woman, yur, I says, 'Magnoly, as long as it travels *end-ways* I reckon we're safe, but if it ever takes a notion to go through *side-ways* it'll shore git us!' And we just tumble the stuff into the wagon, poured a gourdful of water on the fire, called the dogs, and lit out. It's a heap easier to take keer o' yourself before it happens than afterwards."



THE BEGINNING OF A NATURE-FAKE.

DUBSPORT WILL BELIEVE TO THE DAY OF HIS DEATH THAT HE SAW A RABBIT WITH ANTLERS.

A TOUCH OF SYMPATHY.

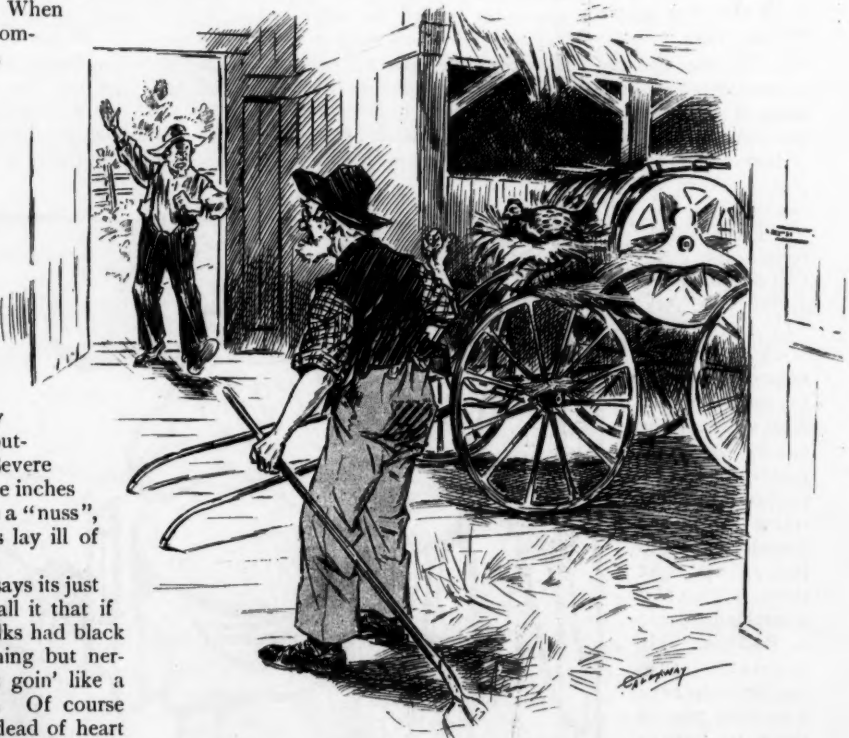


"You are sick, ain't you? I thought mebbe when I first heerd about it that it was only some little disorder caused by over-eatin' or somethin' of that kind that wouldn't amount to much, but I told our folks that I allowed to come over an' see you anyhow, an' I'm real glad I did. When folks is sick as you be they need comfortin' an' sympathy an' I'm such a hand at both in a sick room I ought to of been a nuss."

Salinda Bagg untied her bonnet strings and unpinned her shawl as she spoke. She was tall, gaunt, sallow and funereal of aspect. She had hands of the clammy type and she wore a tall comb and a coral breast-pin. There was a certain grimness of expression in her face and her dress was that of a woman who had all her life flaunted a no-surrender flag in the face of Dame Fashion. A skimpy skirt of a yellowish brown failed to connect with her shoe tops by about two inches, and a green basque with red glass buttons was stretched tightly across her hollow chest. Severe in her collar and cuffs, she wore a white apron about nine inches in width. Thus attired the woman, who was born to be a "nuss", sat down by the bed in which poor little Mrs. Weeks lay ill of nervous prostration.

"What's that?" said Salinda Bagg. "The doctor says its just a nervous trouble? He does, hey? Well, he can call it that if he wants to, but if he was my doctor I'd ask him if folks had black circles under their eyes and a hectic flush with nothing but nervousness. Lemme feel your pulse. My land! It's goin' like a trip-hammer. That shows that the heart ain't right. Of course with your grandmother on your mother's side fallin' dead of heart trouble an' your mother having a weak heart all her life you couldn't expect what they call a normal heart. I remember goin' to your grandmother's funeral. I think of it ev'ry time I see you for you favor her so much. She looked in her coffin a lot as you do now. Speakin' of funerals I been to four in two weeks. Seems like its an awful unhealthy winter. So many down sick an' no earthly hope o' some o' them ever gettin' up. I dunno as I ever

knew o' so much fatal sickness as there is now. I went to Tilly Fifer's funeral Monday only it wa'n't very much of a funeral for they allow to have her cremated. That's something I don't believe in and I guess you don't either. An' yet it ain't very pleasant to think o' bein' put away into the cold frozen ground in the winter time, now is it? I should think you—what makes you start so?"



A STILL ALARM.

THE LOCAL CHIEF.—Hurry an' run out the hose cart, Si! Zeb Slocum's barn's afire!

OLD MEMBER.—Not by a kittleful. That speckled hen's been a setting now fer nineteen days, and you don't spose I'm going to have thirteen eggs spiled, do ye?

There's a sucker who wishes he hadn't been born every minute.

PUCK

"I—I—guess I'm nervous."

"I dunno about that. I don't like the looks of it. My aunt Maria Smith had startin' spells like that for a couple o' weeks before she had her shock, an' I remember that the doctor said her trouble was mostly nervousness. I kin sympathize with you if them starts o' yours are fore-runner of anything like a shock, for I took keer o' my Aunt Maria six months after she had her shock an' that makes me sympathetic with folks afflicted or likely to be afflicted in that way. I tell you it takes them that has been sick themselves or has had a lot to do with the sick to be real sympathetic. If any one knows how to sympathize with the sick I do, for I've been with the sick an' dyin' so much an' when I heard that you was down I said to myself that if Sympathy could do you any good you should have plenty of it. Sometimes sympathy will do more good for a sick person than medicine. Still, I kin see that you need something more than just sympathy. There's a lot o' typhoid fever around an' this awful weakness o' yours might be a sign o' typhoid. I hope it isn't that for any one with a weak heart allus runs a big risk with typhoid. I know that a niece o' mine about your age an' size with a heart not strong, like yours, had typhoid an' we all thought she was doin' fine an' one day I was settin' right by her side sympathizin' with her an' sort o' cheerin' her up, just as I be you, when if she didn't breathe short two or three times



A SYMPATHETIC STRIKE.

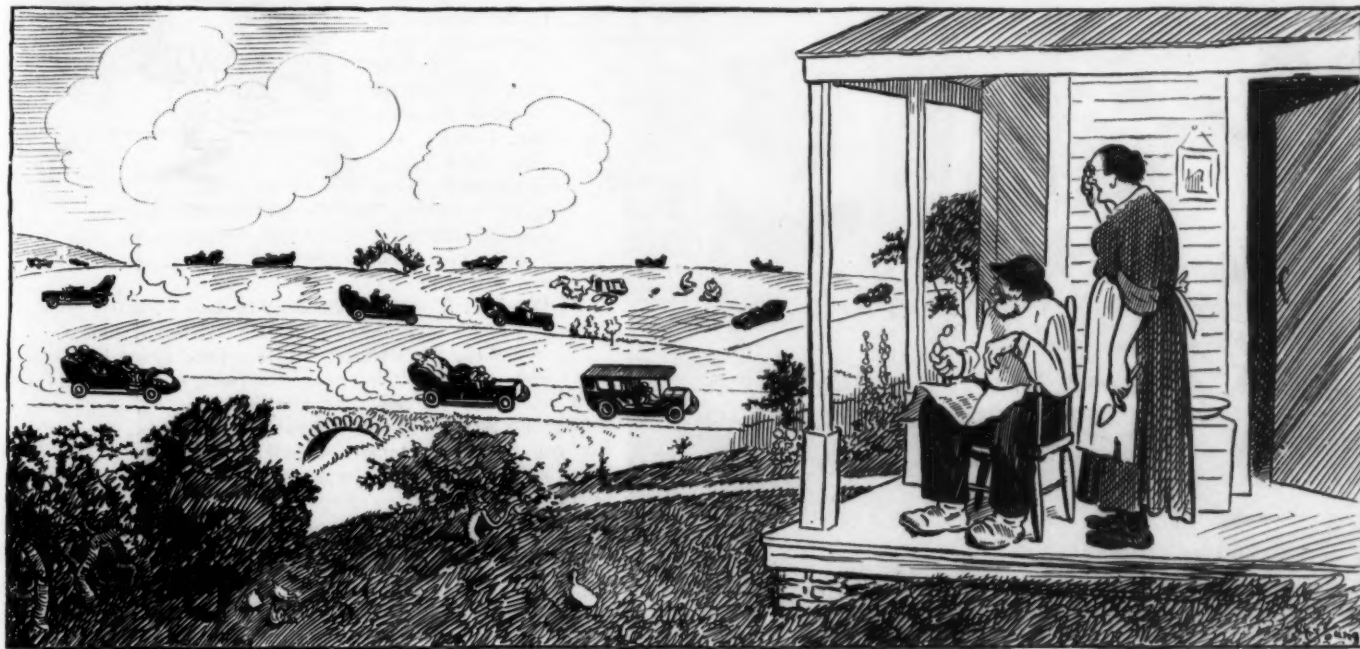
sick folks, so I wish you'd let me have it again. Some of the funeral wreaths in it are just sweet pretty. You keep it just as long as you want to. Good-by. I hope it ain't for the last time. Good-by."

Morris Wade.

an' that was the end of it. Heart failure. Awful treacherous disease—typhoid. Never know what minute it will be fatal. I reckon the doctor ain't hinted that you had typhoid symptoms?"

"No, he has not."

"Well, I should ask him about it. My complaint about doctors nowadays is that they are so awful close-mouthed. I asked your doctor when I met him on the street last night if he thought you didn't have typhoid symptoms an' he took me up as curt as if I had insulted him. It's my opinion he was keepin' something back or that he was a little jealous because I know more than he does about certain symptoms. If I was you I'd tell the doctor that I didn't propose to ride in the new town hearse if I could help it an' it looks to me as if—but there! I just run in to sympathize with you a little. Susy Branch is down a good deal like you an' they don't think she'll git over it. I went over to do what I could for her las' night an' if that crusty old aunt she lives with didn't slam the door in my face. Well, you let me know any time you want me to run in and cheer you up. Here's something I thought you might like to look at. It's a coffin an' funeral wreath catalogue some one sent me an' I keep it just to loan to



SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

"Hiram, there's a horse runnin' away over there."

"Gosh! I'll bet somebody is tryin' to go to church."

THE CORTELYOU BOOM.



It dwelt among the untrodden ways
Behind a fastened lock,
A boom which there were few to praise,
And very few to knock.

A violet by a precious stone
Half hidden from the eye;
Large as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

It lived unknown, and few could know
The day it grew so dim
It vanished utterly, but, oh,
The difference to him!

Franklin P. Adams.

ONE SYMPTOM.

"Aw, I tell you, Pettyville gits more and more metropolitan every day!" triumphantly declared the landlord of the tavern, who was swollen with local pride.

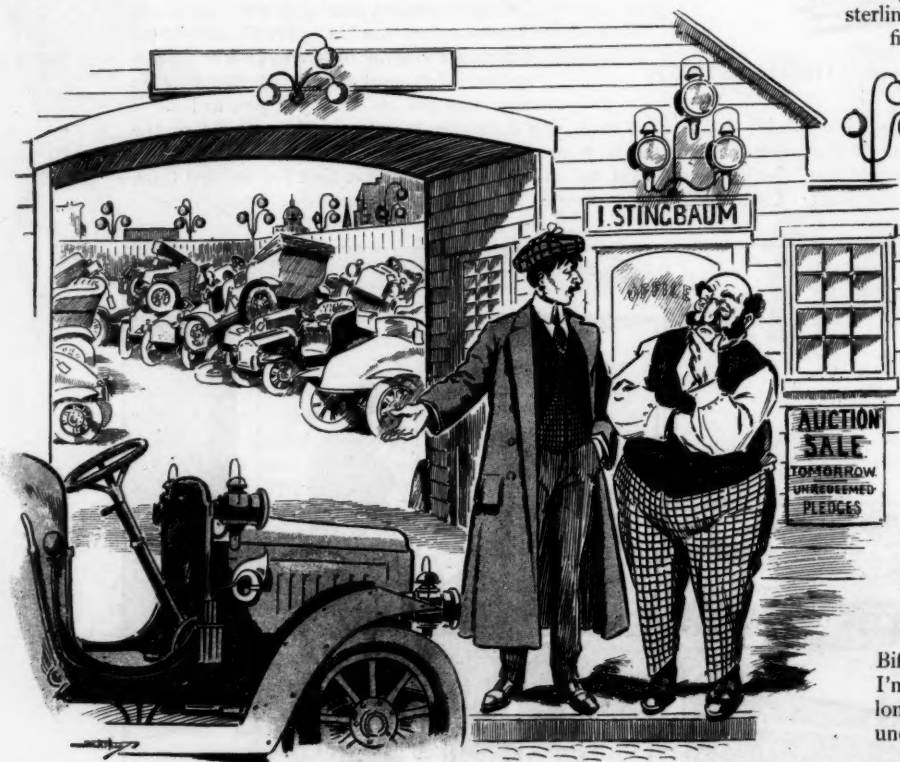
"Eh-yah!" pessimistically replied the patent-churn man, who happened around every now and again. "I reckon you're right. The streets are dirtier and dirtier every time I come."

CHARACTERISTIC.

SPEAKING of anagrams, there is none
So singularly pat
And true to nature as the one
That changes Taft to Fatt.

THE SOLE DESIDERATUM.

"HUH!" pessimistically ejaculated the Hon. Thomas Rott. "I don't take no stock in these 'ere colleges! What good is a college education to a statesman, anyhow? Just so's a member of the legislature knows enough Latin to translate the words, 'per diem,' what more does he need or have any shadder of use for?"



AT THE AUTO PAWN-SHOP.

MOTORIST. (*financially up against it*).—Oh, come now! I gave four thousand dollars for that car.

STINGBAUM, THE BROKER.—Dot has nuddings t' do mit it. I gif you fife huntert und fifty tollars und fifty-five cendts.

AN ADDED CHAPTER.

DEAR EUSTACIA.—We had a perfectly lovely time at Glitterby's, buying Bertha A. Biffington's wedding present, and I must tell you about it. The "last cry"

in such matters—perhaps you haven't heard, is to ask for "the clerk who has had instructions"—we did so, and came very near not getting admitted as we had not brought our wedding invitations with us.

Mr. Eugene A. Effingham fortunately happened along and identified us; and all was smooth after that. Mere church invitations admit to the minor exhibits and only those who have reception cards are shown to the highest-priced counters. Well, we had a "picnic"; it wasn't any wear and tear at all. The direct method is so restful. The Biffingtons wanted no flat silver at all, the clerk said; as Mrs. Biffington herself had bought a trunkful of knives, forks, spoons, etc.

No cut-glass, bric-a-brac—specially no bric-a-brac—was desired; no china, except coal-port. (The giltst edged on earth, you know.)

Mamma wanted awfully to get an exquisite hand-carved full-jewelled silver spoon, but the "clerk with instructions" said "No" very positively; then he graciously added that the Biffingtons would accept sterling silver dishes—dead finish or brilliant—from bon-bon sizes up.

No jewels were desired, the clerk said, as Miss Biffington believed in inherited jewels only. The real estate and government bonds, of course—though the instructed clerk didn't say so—will be given by Mr. Biffington. (No alarm-clocks, of course.) That is the "correct" arrangement too—don't you think so, Eustacia?

Wouldn't it jar your delicacy to have outsiders giving you bonds and houses and lots? It would mine.

Well, we selected a lovely little silver bon-bon dish—Mamma didn't groan but twice when she paid for it. As I'm the only daughter left, this will leave the Biffingtons \$17.50 in our debt; for you know, Eustacia, I'm going to be a spinster forever; so I can go around in long, lank, willowy, wallopy gowns, with a book to match under my arm.

I'll send you Bertha's note when she acknowledges the \$17.50. It will be ultra-swagger.

Yours fondly,

EDMONIA.

Cousin Abraham Martin is awfully vexed because he didn't get a "dun" to the Biffington wedding.



THE OPEN DOOR.

ALSO, THE PAINTER WHO WAS DEAF.

Lack of money is the fruit of most evil.

PUCK



EDITORIAL POLICY.

The owners of the *Daily Yowl* are on the long side of the market, so the *Yowl's* editor writes: "Confidence is gone, business is crippled, panic threatens, and all because of him who sits in the White House, etc., etc."



The owners of the *Evening Itch* are on the short side of the market, so the editor of the *Itch* writes: "The President's policies are sound. Wall Street is not the United States. Roosevelt has injured no legitimate business interest, etc., etc."

DE AMICITIA.



When hollow hearts are most unkind,
When weeps the rain and sobs the wind,
True as the polar star I find
M'umbrella.

When lightnings flash and thunders roar,
When tempests rage and torrents pour,
Faithful and fearless at the door,
M'umbrella.

A sentry siraight from head to heel,
All clad in silk and ribbed with steel,
He keeps my gate with sleepless zeal,
M'umbrella.

And, in the field, a comrade bold,
Above my head his shield doth hold,
To guard me from my death of cold,
M'umbrella.

There's many a face that's false and fair;
There's many a foeman unaware;
But evermore my life shall share
M'umbrella.

And, when his ribs are rudely hit,
And, when his silks are sorely split,
I'll get him a complete refit,
My tried,
My true,
(Suppressed emotion)
M'umbrella.

Bertrand Shadwell.

THIS GRAY OLD WORLD.

A CERTAIN man was once permitted to make the world over to suit himself; the world and all that in it was.

And when he was done, he stood back and surveyed his work and exclaimed: "A paradise! Ah, truly, a paradise!"

But at the end of a week he was found dead, and the verdict of the coroner's jury was that he had been bored to death.

CONNOISSEURS.

SCENE — Art Exhibition.

CHARACTERS — Kindly Person with Art-bug.
Young Man with Vest.

Y. M. (*lost and bewildered*). — Say — I'm lookin' fer some p'n up here — a goil —

K. P. (*his heart warming*). — Ah, yes. Doubtless one of the Botticellis. Now, while we have no genuine canvas from the brush of that noble old master, we have copies by no less a hand than —

Y. M. — Nix! Nix! A goil — a bunch of clo'es — somep'n alive —

K. P. (*smiling and shaking a reproving finger*). — I see, I see. You scoff at the old masters, nor do I censure you. Youth will have its fling. In my younger days I remember burning incense before Gerome and Meissonier and Corot and many another strange god. Now, in this gallery to the right —

Y. M. — Huh! I don't see nuttin' dere.

K. P. (*reminiscently rapturous*). — Youth — youth! What a glorious dream! I see that you are even more of an anarch than I had imagined, but I shall not chide you. Even I at one time worshiped the Monets and Whistlers and the radicals of all schools. Now here —

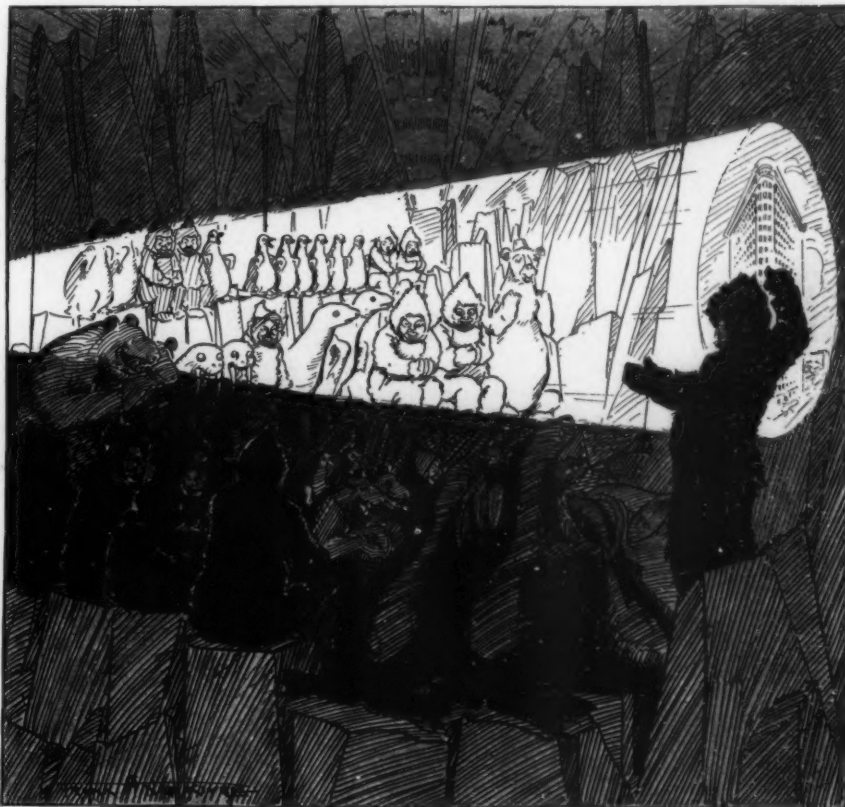
Y. M. — But Gee, Mister, de goill!

Can't youse get what I'm talkin' about? I'm lookin' fer Liz —

K. P. (*chirping with happiness*). — My dear, dear, young man. If only you had told me in the first place that you were searching for the peerless Monna Lisa! Follow me, sir, follow me.

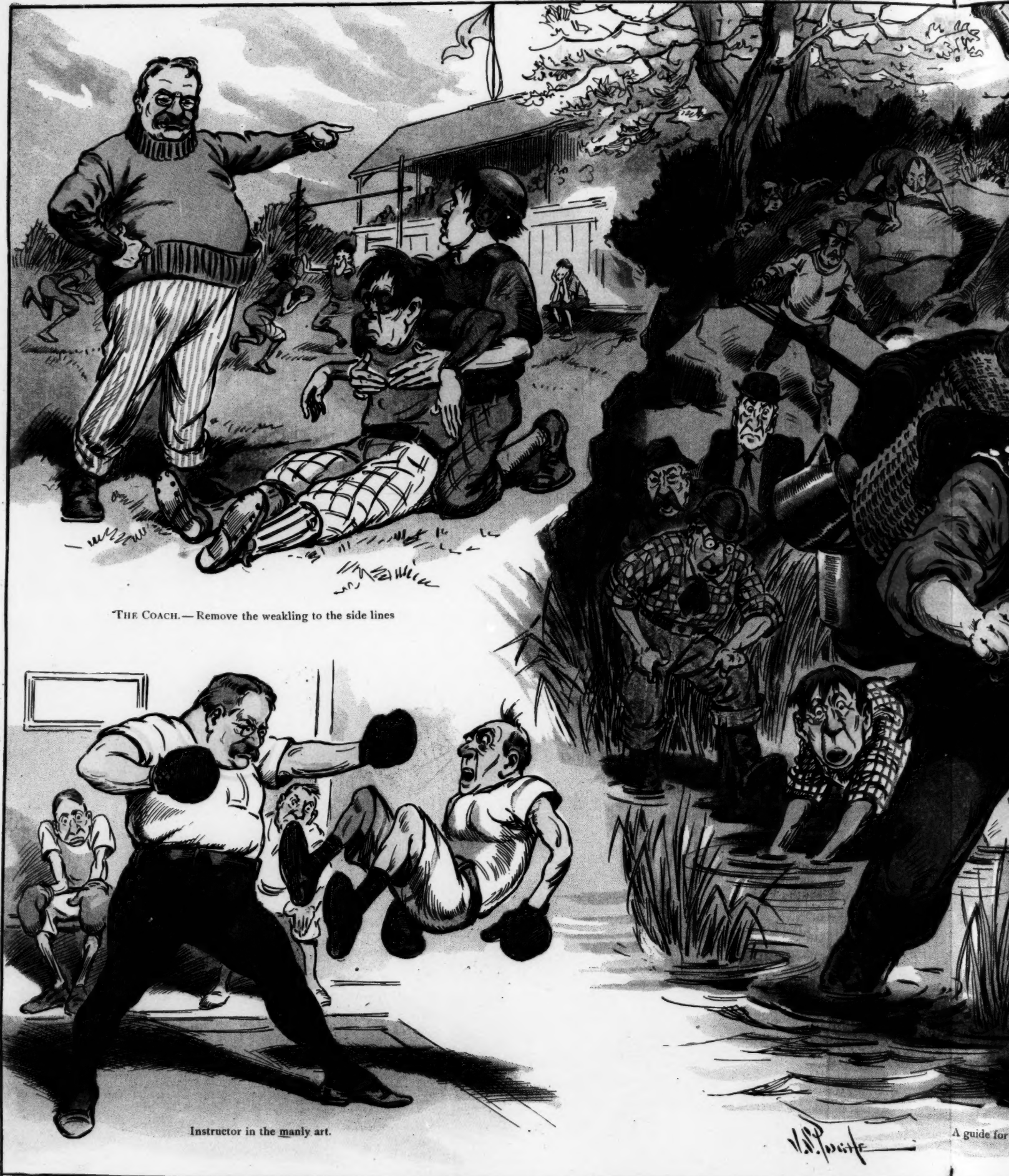
Y. M. (*following*). — Dunno's I ever heard her called jus' dat before but — (*catches sight of pink hat with red ribbons over orange dress*). Hey, Liz. 'Sdat you? Ain't you most troo wit dese? Say, where you been, anyhow? Me an' dis old Arabian been lookin' all over for you.

Horatio Winslow.



DOUBLING THE GRAFT.

Peary lectures on the Arctic in New York; let him lecture on New York in the Arctic.



THE COACH.— Remove the weakling to the side lines

Instructor in the manly art.

A guide for

THE PUCK PRESS

FUTURE OCCUPATIONS F
A FEW OF THE THINGS HE CAN TURN HIS HAND T



A Pedagogue of Natural History.

DR. ROOSEVELT.—Triplets, my dear sir!
I congratulate you! Bully!

A guide for city sportsmen.

OCCUPATIONS FOR ROOSEVELT.

TURN HIS HAND TO AFTER LEAVING THE PRESIDENCY.

PUCK

A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT FABLE.



AS A CERTAIN Maiden Lady, once upon a Time, was passing along the Highway she discovered a Man of her Acquaintance away up in the Tip Top of a Tall Tree, hanging on a Limb like a Monkey, and chattering like one. Filled with Pardonable Curiosity, she stopped abruptly and inquired if it was indeed he, Lester Kinsabby; and upon receiving an Affirmative Reply, she further inquired what he Did in that Basswood Tree and Unusual Predicament.

"Are you not the Lady," in turn asked Our Hero, "to whom I have been Paying Court for four Long Years, and have I not recently evidenced Marked Symptoms of wishing to break off the Engagement?"

"Yes," replied the Remarkable Woman, for such she indeed was. "And if you are cutting that Curious Caper to provide Proof of your Insanity and consequent Irresponsibility, in order to head off a Breach-of-Promise Suit, you may just as well send for the Hook and Ladder Company to help you down. I am not going to sue you, for the Simple and Sufficient Reason that I lost Nothing when I got rid of such a Fool as you are!"

It is to be added that this was such a Shock to the Misguided Man's Vanity that it jarred him loose from the Limb, and he took a Tumble without the aid of the gallant Fire Laddies.

Moral: From this we should Learn that if we were to buy Ourselves at what we think we are Worth and sell ourselves at Other People's appraisalment, some of us would lose a great deal more Money than we could well Afford.

Tom P. Morgan

DOUBT.

"BEFORE we were married, you told me you were well off."

"So I did. I remember distinctly telling you that."

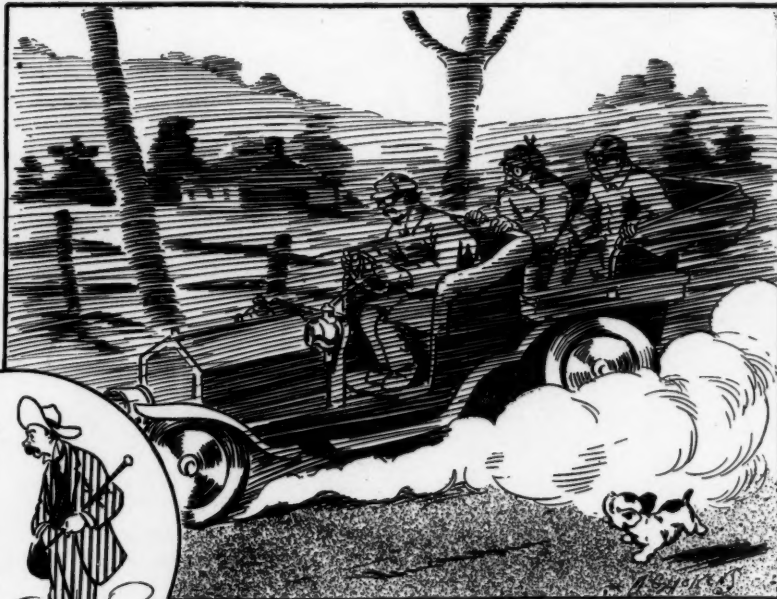
"You lied, then?"

"That would be a question in casuistry. I was well off, all right, but I did n't know it."

THE POSTMAN'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE.



LITTLE WILLIE.—Oh, Mama, come quick! Somebody's left a whole pile of souvenir post cards on our porch.



TOO BUSY.

PIKER.—I hear you've been touring New England. Some great scenery up there, ain't there?

OLD SKIDDER.—So I've heard, but we didn't see any of it. Went through in an automobile, you know.

A POINT OF VIEW.

THE ladder of fame is the treadmill,
And the treadmill's the ladder of fame.
And you'll find when you pop
To the very tip top
That the candle's worth more than the game.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

MRS. SIMMONS.—I inherited my money after I was married.
MRS. KIMMONS.—No wonder you got such a good husband.



THE POSTMAN.—Quit yer kiddin', Bub; they ain't all for you; some of 'em's goin' next door.



shape
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dat's w
yo' is
Well,

THE IDEAL HOSTESS

YOU ARE not greeted by the maid, SHE opens wide the door!

Such warmth her welcomings pervade they thrill you to the core.

You step into the living room, (*Familia non est.*)
One lamp relieves the tender gloom, and Johnny is suppressed.

Perhaps a fire is burning bright; before an easy chair;
Or better still, a softer light is shed from two eyes there.

At first you "talk of many things"

While slip the moments by;

But soon Time swiftly, softly brings

The talk of "you and I."

The light is dim, the fire is low,

No doubt you guess the rest;

A pensive sigh, — the ember's glow —

You — do what you think best.

"Good night." — "Don't go! — That clock is fast."

(The tale is quickly told.)

"No! No!" — "Oh come, this is the last!"

... "My, but your nose is cold!"

Robert Remington.

VEHEMENCE.



“**Y**O’ KNOWS de Reverend ‘Gustus Howlingbuck, doesn’t yo’, suh?” inquired old Brother Stookey, recently.

“Yes, I think so,” replied the white man to whom the interrogation was addressed. “He is the saddle-colored evangelist, with a head shaped a good deal like a coffin, who comes around every once in a while and preaches with so much vehemence, isn’t he?”

“Dat’s de identical, sah! Yassah, dat’s de very identical! Head shaped like a coffin—uck!—yo’ sho’ly does ‘scribe him mighty grammatical, sah! And, ‘vehemence!’—dat’s dess what I stuck and hung dat it was, all de time, but de rest of ‘em said ‘twuz on’y some sawt o’ spectorial for de good man’s so’ th’oat. Talked me plumb down and out, dey did, and over-rid me like a toad-frawg in de road!

“Képt it in a jimmy-john in de vestry of de church, dat gen’leman did, and ‘nointed de roots of his tongue wid it good and plenty befo’ he preached. Cou’sé he made de cong’egation shout and tumble over deirse’fs uh-swawmin’ up to de mou’ners’-bench; but law-suzz, niggers gen’ly puhfers hooraw to sense, anyhow. Huh!—nee’n’ter tell me; never seed no *medicine* dat would make a man r’ar and pitch, and bawl like a bull, and pound de pole-pit twell lie fractioned one half of de top plumb off and it done flew th’oo de winder and knocked a gen’leman down dat was swappin’ hawses wid a-nudder gen’leman outside. It was vehemence, I tells yo’ sah; dat’s what ‘twuz! Why, looky! Tell yo’ what happened last night—yo’ isn’t heered about it yit, is yo’? No?—bleeged to yo’, sah! Well, dat man took an extry long snawt of dat ‘ar vehemence in de

vestry, and den went out on de roscum, and give an extry loud shout, and tumbled over dead—yassah, dead as a ham! And dat was befo’ de c’lection had been took up, too; and—ah, Lawd!—yo’ knows, yo’sé’f, sah, dat dar ain’t no ‘vangelist in de business dat’s uh-gwine to drop dead befo’ he gits his diggin’s out’n dat c’lection, not less’n he’s plump full o’ vehemence; nussah, not while de world stands!

“And ‘twuz vehemence, too, uh-kase I snuck into de vestry whilst dey was uh-powwowin’ over de c’lamity, and dar wasn’t a blame swaller left in de jimmy-john—not a swaller! But it nostrilized all right—it was de pure sooper-fluity, if I knows de symytoms, and I reckon I does if I knows anything!”

Tom P. Morgan.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

YOUNG SCADS.—I don’t want to go to college, dad.

OLD SCADS.—You’ll have to, my boy, because you can’t afford to neglect it. I had to give a college a million last year in order to get my degree.

GOOD IS in no especial danger of going out of vogue, notwithstanding what you hear. The only difference is that it isn’t getting itself so much done as made.



VERY SPORTY.

THE NEWSBOY (*who doesn’t read*).—Sportin’ uxtry! Jest out! Sport-in’ uxtry!

The fellow with an auto is lucky if he runs only into debt.



MEN whose opportunities and inclinations have made them expert judges of life's luxuries, know from long experience that

MURAD CIGARETTES

supply the most perfect blend of the finest Turkish leaf that has ever been obtained. It is because the Murad blend so successfully combines richness with pleasing mildness, that the Murad has attained its position as

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NOT YET.

(The clamor for better street-car facilities is breaking out again.)

Be patient, dear one; brighter days will come.

Let not your soul with sorrow be oppressed.

Others feel all your anguish, yet are dumb;

It naught avails to murmur or protest.

Time, the compassionate, will bring relief

And then your sufferings you may forget.

But now smile bravely, bear your bitter grief.

Not yet, dear heart, not yet!

I know full well the pain of hope deferred,

The sickness that will overwhelm the soul

And eke the rage with which thy heart is stirred

When to dire need is dealt the meager dole;

But this will pass, not to return again.

Small marvel is it that you sigh and fret,

But patience! It is surely coming! When?

Not yet, dear heart, not yet!

Now struggle, elbow, push and fight your way,

And entering, hang to the swaying straps;

Cling to the side or roof, if that you may;

The kind conductor won't object perhaps.

But it is darkest ere the dawning nears

And good car service we shall shortly get—

Some time at least within the coming years,

Not yet, dear heart, not yet!—*Chicago Daily News.*

NEVER BURNT BEFORE.

"Will you direct me to Farmer Skinner's house?" asked the newly arrived summer boarder.

"I will if you want me to," replied the station lounge.

"I shall have to ask you for explicit directions because I've never been there before."

"Gosh! I know that, seein' ye're so sot on goin' there now."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE JUDICIAL WAY.

An associate justice of the Supreme Court of Patagascor was sitting by a river when a traveler approached and said:

"I wish to cross. Would it be lawful to use this boat?"

"It would," was the reply; "it is my boat."

The traveler thanked him, and pushing the boat into the water embarked and rowed away. But the boat sank and he was drowned.

"Heartless man!" said an indignant spectator. "Why didn't you tell him that your boat had a hole in it?"

"The matter of the boat's condition," said the great jurist, "was not brought before me."—*Cosmopolitan.*

COSTLY.

MR. RICH.—I suppose you find that a baby brightens up the house?

MR. BENEDICT.—Yes; we burn nearly twice the gas we used to.—*Answers.*

"He had his wife arrested for non-support."

"Prominent socially?"

"Not hitherto. This affair may help them some."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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ANCIENT
AND
GLORIOUS
OF
CORDIALS



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LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as Liqueur Pères Chartreux (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

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CERTAIN DIFFERENCES.

"Do they never forget their differences?"

"Why, yes, in a way. He forgets that he's a gentleman, and she forgets that she's a lady."


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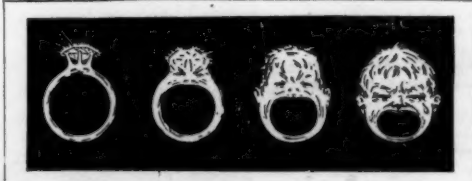
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NOT QUITE CLEAR.

A well-known clergyman of Boston was once talking to some friends with reference to the desirability of chronological coherence in ideas, in the form of written statement, when he observed that there are times when this method becomes a trifle too suggestive.

"For instance," said the speaker, "I once heard a minister in New Hampshire make his usual Sunday morning announcements as follows:

"The funeral of the late and much lamented sexton takes place on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock.

"Thanksgiving services will be held in this chapel on Thursday morning at eleven o'clock."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

SMART DOCTOR.

"My husband is troubled with a buzzing noise in his ears. What would you advise?"

"I would advise him to go to the seashore for a month or two."

"But he can't get away."

"Then you can go."—*Houston Post*.

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SUBSTITUTES
Originated 1824



COOK'S
Imperial
EXTRA DRY
CHAMPAGNE
made from the pure juice of grapes, naturally fermented.

WHAT IT SAYS.

If money talks,
As some folks tell,
To most of us

It says: "Farewell!"

—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

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HANDING THEM ALONG.

BACON.—I see the proprietor of the railroad restaurant has just died.

EGBERT.—Is that so? Whom did he leave the sandwiches to? — *Yonkers Statesman*.



SOLD.

RENNY SAWNSE.—I'll bet you the dinners that those two black lines are parallel. Take it?

COFFEY BROKAW.—Certainly I will. (Measures them and finds they are.) Look here, old man, where's the panel game and bunco den in this establishment? I'd like to see the whole thing.

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.



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BEST OVER THE BARS

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"GILLETTE'S SOCIAL REDEMPTION."

ADDED to the Single Tax, Social and other "isms" designed to uplift the human race, there is now another millennium short-cut, known as the Gillette System. What it is and how it would operate are set forth in a book of formidable size entitled "Gillette's Social Redemption." The system is King C. Gillette's but the book is the work of Melvin L. Severy, who presents in nearly a thousand pages "a review of world-wide conditions as they exist to-day" and "offers an entirely new suggestion for the remedy of the evils they exhibit." Also, and with good reason, the work has been called "a gazetteer of contemporary injustice," and to chronicle that, even in part, one thousand pages are not too many. The authors point to an appalling array of world-wide wrongs, ranging from city slums to the Congo, and having summarized the necessity for "doing something" proceed to tell in detail what they would "do." They would incorporate mankind, without regard to "locality, race, color, nationality, social condition, age, sex or occupation." It is impossible to discuss such a proposal, seriously made, in a few lines, but a meaty kernel of the Gillette plan may be had in the following brief extract of Mr. Severy's book: "The new system proposes to bring about the amelioration of the race by organizing a world-wide corporation with an unlimited, elastic and constantly self-adjusting capitalization. * * * * The corporation will be organized for the purpose of purchasing and ultimately controlling all means for the production of wealth throughout the world. Its capital will consist of the money paid by the people." The world, in a word, is to be one vast business in business hours, and one vast family when the whistle blows. It is a big plan, but big problems require big solutions.

NAPOLÉON'S TROUBLES.

Napoleon looked over his army.

Most of his men seemed better qualified for the hospital than the battlefield. Of the able-bodied men several had become unruly and were sent out of action.

Everything pointed to another Waterloo, and Napoleon Lajoie frowned. — *Cleve. Plain Dealer.*

HE WILL DO THAT.

"Yes," said the voluble crank, "I used to be as bad as you, but I made up my mind to quit smoking and drinking, and I did it."

"Indeed?" remarked Manley; "I guess a man who can quit smoking and drinking could quit almost anything."

"Oh, yes!" "Except talking about it." — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

EVEN the man who always thinks twice before he speaks doesn't always say something worth hearing. — *Somerville Journal.*

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contains
all the essentials
for husbanding the
strength
and increasing
the vigor
acquired through
rest and recreation

Nourishes and lubricates the vital forces.



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ALSO TRUE.

"Yes," sighed the mournful man, "we are a long time dead."

"True," responded the other, "and some of us are dead ones a long time before we find it out." — *Detroit Free Press.*

STAY BOUGHT.

"You don't mean to tell me," demanded the plain citizen, "that the present Legislature is honest?"

"Yes, sir!" replied the lobbyist, "strictly One Price!" — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

LOCAL ATMOSPHERE.

"What 'd ye say ye wuz lookin' fer, mister?"

"Local atmosphere."

"You hit the right place. We're in the heart of the cyclone belt." — *Washington Herald.*

MR. JAWBACK. — The biggest idiots always seem to marry the prettiest women.

MRS. JAWBACK. — Now, you're trying to flatter me. — *Cleveland Leader.*



COLLEGE. Students are mighty shrewd judges of tobacco. They want the most for their money, and it must be good. That is why most of them smoke

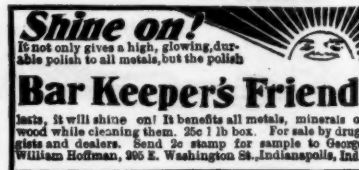
LUCKY STRIKE Sliced Plug Pipe Tobacco

Fine aroma, easily handled, (in thin slices), gives a long, cool, delicious smoke.

Does not bite the tongue.
Pocket size, tin box, 10c.



STRAWS also show which way the thermometer goes. — *Indianapolis News.*



WAS HE?

"Here's looking at you, old man — whether you're there or not."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

CHARITY NEVER FAILETH.

It was a clergyman with a care for souls in one of the poorest parts of London who went down to a provincial town to plead for support for his work. They had a large meeting for him, and he made a most telling appeal, at the close of which up jumped a good man, promised \$250 as a start.

The clergyman was overjoyed. "I don't know your name, sir," he cried, "but I thank you. I thank you. May your business be doubled in the coming year."

Then a solemn hush settled down, and the meeting, as it were, looked at itself.

"What's the matter?" the clergyman whispered anxiously to the chairman. "What's the matter?"

"Er — well — er — that gentleman is an undertaker." — *Pearson's Weekly.*

SHOW PLACE.

"This is one of our greatest show places," said the man who was showing a friend about the town.

"Why, it's only a vacant lot!" replied the friend.

"Sure; but that's where the circus always shows when it comes to town." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

INCONSISTENCY.

JUDGE (in the law courts, during a divorce suit to the husband). — Well, what is it you wish?

HUSBAND. — A divorce.

JUDGE (to the wife). — And you?

WIFE. — A divorce.

JUDGE. — But when you came in you said that neither of you could ever agree on any one point. — *Nos Loisirs.*



"GOOD THINGS OF LIFE"

SIMON BROS., WHISKIES, Louisville, Ky.

POETESS.—Yes, "polo" is an excellent rhyme for "solo," but you can not deceive the great round world into believing that "asparagus" is a good rhyme for "sarcophagus." It is also useless to try to make any one believe that such remarks as these are poetry:

Now the summer comes again,
With its breezes and its rain,
And its red and smiling roses,
And its crop of sunburnt noses,
And its shady forest cloisters,
And its painful lack of oysters;
And the maiden sings a solo,
While the dudelet playeth polo;
And the purple mist descendeth
When the three-play rainbow bendeth;
And the old maid sits and sneezes.
By the ever-rolling seas.

This may be very good poetry in Mackerelville, but it is too young and fresh to endure the rude shocks of a cynical world. Keep it at home—in a bottle.—*Washington Star*.

HEARD ON THE STREET CAR.

FIRST FEMALE STRAP HANGER.—
Are you going out to the state fair?

SECOND FEMALE STRAP HANGER (looking at the men occupying the seats).—I should think not. You can see enough pigs on a street car for a nickel without going out to the state fair and paying fifty cents to see them.

Whereupon did the man in the nearest seat offer her his place? He did not. He simply gazed at the lady and grunted.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE Western tombstone manufacturer who committed suicide because business was dull should have braced up and run an automobile garage as a side line.—*Washington Post*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

Ask for
Trimble Whiskey
High Ball.
The best of all.

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IMPOLITE.

"I wish to see Miss Bluffham," said the young man with blonde shoes and tan hair.

"She is not in, sir," answered the maid, with a glibness that told of long practice in the ways of deceit.

"Are—are you sure?" faltered the youth, nervously twisting a mustache that only became apparent when attention was thus directed to it.

The maid's eyebrows elevated themselves.

"Do you doubt her word, sir?" she asked, reproachfully.

Blushing deeply over his unworthy thought he turned and went away.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Williams' Shaving Soap

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

Its creamlike lather softens the beard—allays irritation, makes shaving easy and pleasant.

May be had in the form of Shaving Sticks or Shaving Tablets.

INITIATIVE.

STERN UNCLE.—What you lack, my boy, is initiative.

SCAPEGRACE NEPHEW.—Oh, I don't know, uncle. I once held a job for two weeks as an elevator starter.—*Chicago Tribune*.

WHEN a young man has a thousand dollars saved up preparatory to getting married, it is hard to persuade him that he may not have fifty dollars in the bank two years afterward.—*Somerville Journal*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

TOBACCO.

"I notice that you writers use a great deal of tobacco. Does it stimulate your brains?"

"I don't know, but it makes you forget that you're hungry."—*Cleveland Leader*.

DOUMA.

"I'm afraid the Tsar is going to his doom," said the Russian courtier.

"No," answered the court jester, weeping afresh, "not to his doom; to his douma."—*Chicago Tribune*.

MERE RUMOR.

"Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" asked the minister.

"No, sir," responded the absent-minded millionaire. "I want to state emphatically that there is no truth in the rumor whatever."—*Washington Herald*.

"It's generally a mistake," said Uncle Eben, "to lose time f'um huntin' work while you is tryin' to capitalize a hard luck story."—*Washington Star*.



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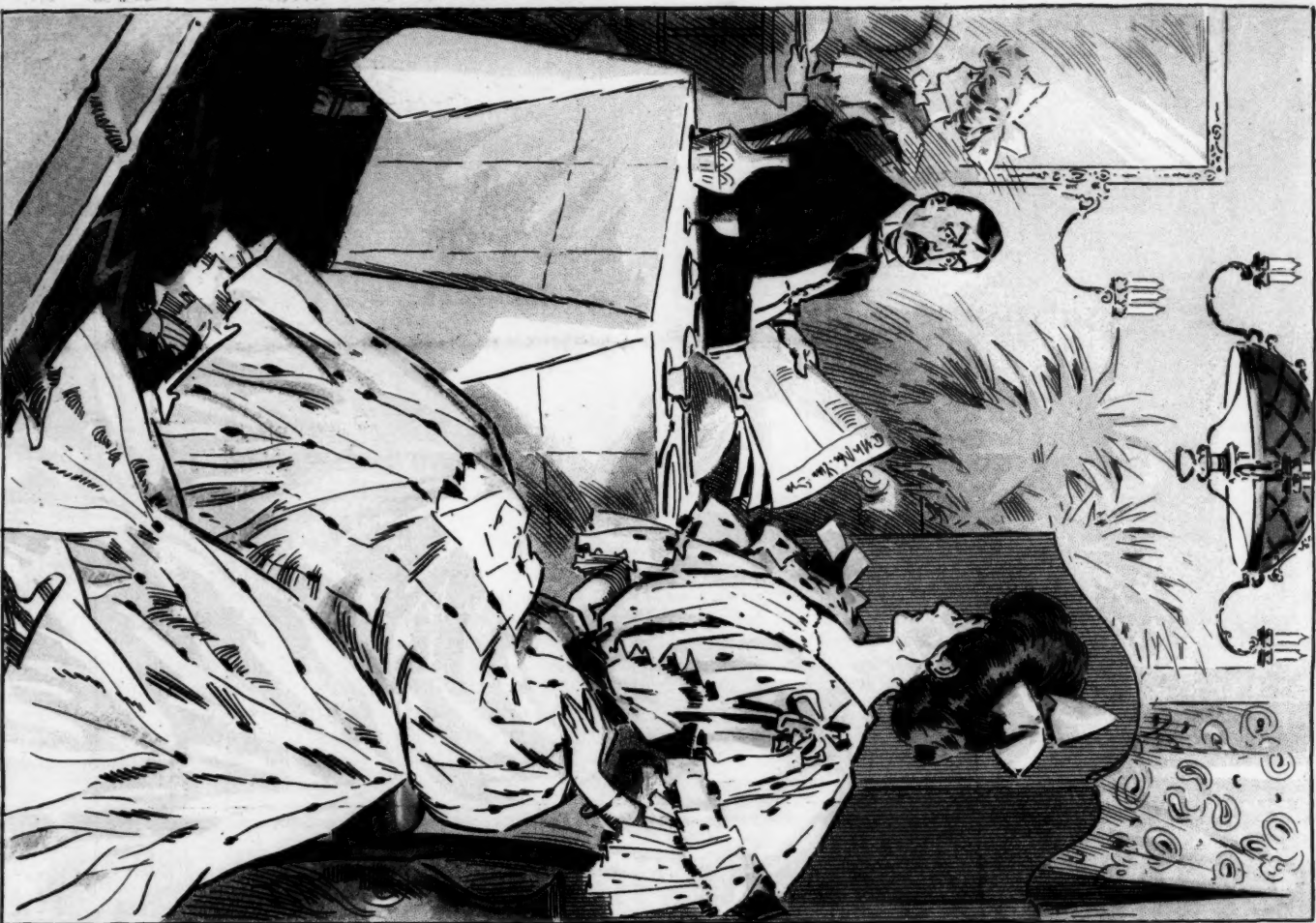
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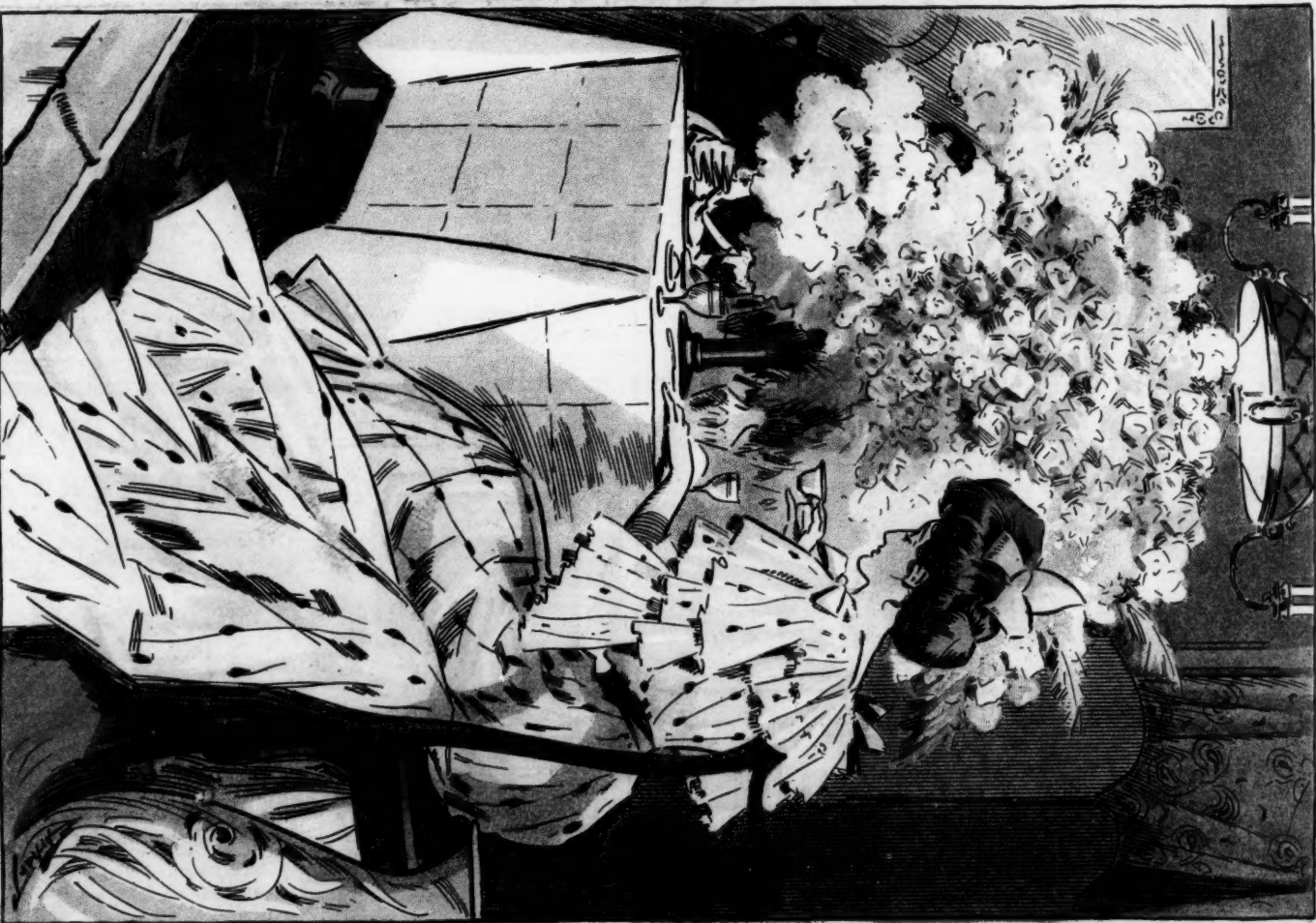
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